

BACK-ROOM BOYS NEED BRAINS, GUTS

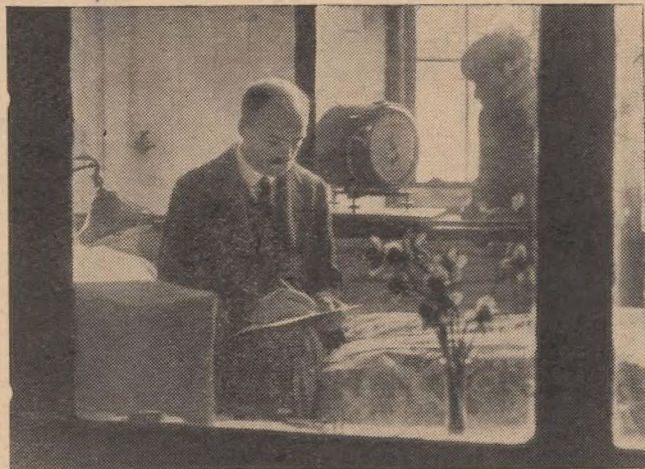
HERE'S A LETTER FROM THE "BOSS," O.S. DOUGLAS NOBLE

THE Boss wants a word with Ordinary Seaman Douglas Noble, and he writes through "Good Morning" because at five years of age he needs a little assistance. (Very aptly named is little George. He certainly is the boss of the Noble family.)

Yes, there's plenty doing at 48 Ellesmere Street, Moss Side, Manchester. Doreen, aged 21, said that she would never agree to work as a bus conductress. "Not likely," she said. "Can't get up early in the morning," she said. "Anything else but that," she said.

Well, Doreen cannot stay away from her bus now, and furthermore, she's going to marry into the job! Every time she rings the control bell Doreen is signalling to her future husband.

It happened like this. Doreen was given a bus driven by Harry Riley, of Broadfield-road, Moss Side. Harry is the only unmarried man at the depot, and after a few days with his charming new



Sir Joseph Barcroft in Air-tight chamber, tests Pilot's need of Oxygen

conductress he suggested that they should go around without the bus sometimes.

Then he arranged that they should be kept on the same duties together. Doreen is very happy about it, and the wedding will take place in July. She wishes that Doug could be at home for the occasion.

Muriel has reached the great age of fourteen at last, and on the very day that "Good Morning" called to see the "Boss" Muriel proudly came home with the news that she had obtained a job as an office girl with Hickson, Lloyd and King.

Irene is still at the warehouse office. She is disappointed because your last letter, Doug, was not accompanied by one from your pal Gillespie. Are you listening, Gilly? Those letters are appreciated more than you may think.

The twelve-year-old twins, Jimmy and Jean, are O.K., too, and father is still pottering about, taking all the house-keeping up with his clocks. So many are there, in various stages of repair, that mother, Mrs. Emma Noble, says, "We're on tick all over the house."

Sid Stringer and Harry Hughes, both in the Sea Cadets, have passed gunnery courses, and now fancy themselves as submariners.

Finally, the "Boss" sends his and family's best wishes, and hopes that you like the "Good Morning" picture of him writing to you.

West Country News

"MIDNIGHT" MILK.

THE expression, "coming home with the milk," had a new meaning at Plymouth the first day of the "zoned" deliveries.

Dairymen, handed lists of streets at which they were to deliver milk in future, spent ages getting on the track of their new customers. Many had moved out after the lists were compiled, and others, who did not appear in the tabulation, had moved in!

The sunny Sunday morning wore on till evening, with the

OFTEN we hear references made to our "Back-Room Boys," the quiet and hard-working scientists who are behind the screen of secrecy doing much to bring the end of the war nearer, but rare is it that the general public, for reasons of security, are allowed to know something of these scientific fighters.

I am reminded of this by the recent announcement that Sir Joseph Barcroft, F.R.S., one of the greatest of all British scientists, is to be awarded the Copley Medal as the result of his work. This Medal, which originated in 1709, is one of the most coveted in the world, and a fitting tribute to Sir Joseph Barcroft's courage, tenacity and success.

On several occasions this great scientist has risked death to add to scientific knowledge of breathing. On one occasion he tested prussic acid by staying in a gas-filled chamber with a dog. Within a minute the animal had died, but the scientist remained, kept notes, and ten minutes later walked out with information that has since proved of very great value to us all.

JUST before the war, Sir Joseph played a part in the development of our air-raid shelters. Although a veteran, he decided to take up position in an air-raid shelter while a heavy bomb was dropped nearby.

Showing all the courage of a fighting man, he carefully studied the effects of blast, and the knowledge he gained on this experiment has since proved invaluable to our air-raid authorities.

But then, there is nothing this great scientist will not attempt if it is to add to the knowledge of his specialised subject.

When he once decided to live for a week in a sealed glass case, to study the effects of lack of oxygen, many shook their heads and said that Sir Joseph Barcroft was taking too big a risk. But they were wrong. He came through his ordeal successfully and added another valuable page to the book of scientific knowledge.

The war has brought still further to the fore Britain's own inventors and scientists.

Radar, Penicillin, jet-aircraft, the all-wood Mosquito, and a hundred-and-one inventions that have become front-page news are the result of British brains and initiative.

In the past we have not shouted to the world of our greatness; the recent crop of new inventions, however, have made other countries ask each other why we are so silent about our clever men and women.

milkmen still on their rounds. One bus driver was knocked up at 11 p.m. to take in his "morning's milk."

RIDE HIM, BOY!

THE inhabitants of Ivybridge, South Devon, rubbed their eyes one afternoon when an American soldier was seen riding down Fore Street on a horse—with the reins between his teeth and his hands tied behind him!

Was he a rodeo rider out for exercise—or was it a bet? Unfortunately, we did not have our camera with us!

The answer is that security measures do not always permit. A classic example is "RDX"—the explosive that fills our great block-buster bombs. The scientists who discovered its power did so five years ago.

Five brave men, in the course of its development, paid the greatest price with their lives—but silence had to be kept. Even when they were tested it needed brave men to stand close enough to observe the effect of the "cookies"—but there were men willing to take this risk. To them we all owe a great deal.

Commander J. G. D. Ouvry, with his ice-cold courage and complete disregard for danger, is another to whom we all owe a great deal.

If people were told, in a restaurant, that they might not be enjoying a meal but for the Commander, they would not know what you meant—but it would be true.

In 1939, when the German magnetic mine threatened to cause terrific damage to our merchant fleet, Commander Ouvry, when one of these mines was washed ashore, was given the task of dismantling it so that its secrets could be uncovered and a suitable answer found to this new threat.

When the Commander started his task, death might have been his lot at any second—but he persevered, and within a very short time an antidote was placed aboard our ships in the form of degaussing. But the scientist-sailor was

really responsible for such a prompt reply.

Test pilots, in their quiet way, are other back-room boys who are scientists in their particular field.

Take, for example, Wing-Commander Clouston. Before our balloon barrage was perfected—and incidentally copied by the Germans—he used to climb into a plane, put on a crash helmet, and fly among balloon cables to see whether they were tight enough to cause trouble to enemy machines should they run into them!

It was always dangerous work, for the risk of a terrible injury, and death, was always present, but Clouston, by sticking at this task, played a big part in making our present balloon barrage effective.

Then there is Phil Lucas, ace test pilot of Hawker's. He once went aloft with a fighter that has since proved itself in battle. His task was to see whether or not the "ship" was airworthy.

Love had he found in huts where poor men lie;
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.
Wordsworth.

There is measure in everything. There are fixed limits beyond which and short of which right cannot find resting-place.
Horace.

At first she did well, then, when Lucas put her into a dive, the plane immediately threatened to crash. A cool head was essential in such a situation.

No one would have blamed the test pilot had he baled out, but he remained at the controls, realising what a great deal depended upon his report. Finally, after a terrific struggle, he brought the plane down safely, gave his information to the designer, the plane was overhauled, and he once more—this time with success—put her through her paces.

For his great gallantry Lucas was awarded the George Medal.

And so one could go on telling of the brave deeds of a band of men little known to the general public who are performing vital work behind the scenes.

They don't ask for praise, however. The success of their venture on YOUR behalf is the thing that really matters to them—and Britain's scientists of all types have had a record of great success since the war clouds broke and Hitler plunged the world into a war no one but the Axis wanted.

He's our Public Trustee

WHEREAS in the Party of the first case aforementioned—yes, it's phrases like this that have put Sir Ernest Fass into his job as "Public Trustee."

For, it is Sir Ernest's job to act as the executor, administrator, or trustee to any person who may so desire. The handling of wills is, however, only one of his duties.

He may be called upon to prevent an undesirable marriage, or even asked to participate in a fried-fish shop squabble.

In 60 per cent. of all trusts and wills in Sir Ernest's care

the capital concerned is less than £5,000. Although the smallest amount ever entrusted to him was less than £200—for which he received a fee of £2—no will can be refused with the excuse that it is too small a sum.

In order to carry out his job efficiently, Sir Ernest has a staff of 700, many of whom are trained accountants. The female staff exceeds the male in the ratio of two to one.

The maintenance of the department costs £300,000 a year, and this money is provided by the fees charged.

The large clientele is prob-

ably due—as Sir Ernest suggests—to the fact that, as an uninterested party he is unlikely to take sides, and that any breach of trust losses are made good from public funds.

If you have a grievance against a proposed son-in-law, a bone to pick with a bookmaker, or just don't know how to set about bestowing your wealth, drop a line to the Public Trustee, London, Sir Ernest will give you the whereby, wherefore, hereafter and what-have-you; to whil—the low-down!

Elryn Rose

And—Football posers

CAN any of you lads answer these football posers?

Q.—What is the circumference of a football?

A.—The circumference of the ball shall not be less than 27 inches nor more than 28 inches. The outer casing must be of leather, and no material shall be used in the construction of the ball which might constitute a danger to

the players. (And that's official!)

Q.—What must the height of the corner flags at each corner of the field be?

A.—A flag with a staff of not less than five feet high shall be placed at each corner of the field.

Q.—What radius is the ring in the centre of the field?

A.—It is a circle ten yards in radius.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

"Evil Spirits Take Over"

FROM that moment Boxel's interest in tulips was no longer a stimulus to his exertions, but a deadening anxiety. Henceforth all his thoughts ran only upon the injury which his neighbour would cause him, and thus his favourite occupation was changed into a constant source of misery to him.

Van Baerle, as may easily be imagined, had no sooner begun to apply his natural ingenuity to his new fancy than he succeeded in growing the finest tulips. Indeed, he knew better than anyone else at Haarlem or Leyden—the two towns which boast the best soil and the most congenial climate—how to vary the colours, to modify the shape, and to produce new species.

Mynheer Van Baerle and his tulips, therefore, were in the mouth of everybody; so much so that Boxel's name disappeared for ever from the list of the notable tulip-growers in Holland, and those of Dort were now represented by Cornelius Van Baerle, the modest and inoffensive savant.

Engaging heart and soul in his pursuits of sowing, planting and gathering, Van Baerle, caressed by the whole fraternity of tulip-growers in Europe, entertained not the least suspicion that there was at his very door a pretender whose throne he had usurped.

He went on in his career, and consequently in his triumphs; and in the course of two years he covered his borders with such marvellous productions as no mortal man, following in the tracks of the Creator, except, perhaps, Shakespeare and Rubens, have equalled in point of numbers.

And also, if Dante had wished for a new type to be added to his characters of the Inferno, he might have chosen Boxel during the period of Van Baerle's successes. Whilst Cornelius was weeding, manuring, watering his beds; whilst, kneeling on the turf-border, he analysed every vein of the flowering tulips, and meditated

THE BLACK TULIP

By Alexandre Dumas—Part 13

on the modifications which might be effected by crosses of colour or otherwise—Boxel, concealed behind a small sycamore which he had trained at the top of the partition-wall in the shape of a fan, watched, with his eyes starting from their sockets, and with foaming mouth, every step and gesture of his neighbour; and whenever he thought he saw him look happy, or describe a smile on his lips, or a flash of contentment glistening in his eyes, he poured out towards him such a volley of maledictions and furious threats as to make it indeed a matter of wonder that this venomous breath of envy and hatred did not carry a blight on the innocent flowers which had excited it.

When the evil spirit has once taken hold of the heart of man it urges him on without letting him stop. Thus, Boxel soon was no longer content with seeing Van Baerle. He wanted to see his flowers, too; he had the feelings of an artist; the masterpiece of a rival engrossed his interest.

He therefore bought a telescope, which enabled him to watch, as accurately as did the owner himself, every progressive development of the flower, from the moment when, in the first year, its pale seed-leaf begins to peep from the ground, to that glorious one when, after five years, its petals at last reveal the hidden treasures of its chalice. How often had the miserable, jealous man to observe, in Van Baerle's beds, tulips which dazzled him by their beauty and almost choked him by their perfection.

And then, after the first blush of the admiration which he could not help feeling, he began to be tortured by the pangs of envy, by that slow fever which creeps over the heart and changes it into a nest of vipers, each devouring the other and ever born anew. How often did Boxel, in the midst of tortures which no pen is able fully to describe—how often did he feel an inclination to jump down into the garden, during the night, to destroy the plants, to tear the bulbs with his teeth, and to sacrifice to his wrath the owner himself, if he should venture to stand up for the defence of his tulips.

But to kill a tulip was a horrible crime in the eyes of a genuine tulip-fancier; as to killing a man, it would not have mattered so very much.

Yet Van Baerle made such progress in the noble science of growing tulips, which he seemed to master with the

true instinct of genius, that Boxel at last was maddened to such a degree as to think of throwing stones and sticks into the flower-stands of his neighbour. But, remembering that he would be sure to be found out, and that he would not only be punished by law, but also dishonoured for ever in the face of all tulip-growers of Europe, he had recourse to stratagem; and, to gratify his hatred, tried to devise a plan by means of which he might gain his ends without being compromised himself.

He considered a long time, and at last his meditations were crowned with success.

One evening he tied two cats together by their hind legs with a string about six feet in length, and threw them from the wall into the midst of that noble, that princely, that royal bed, which contained not only the "Cornelius De Witte," but, besides, the "Beauty of Brabant," milk-white, edged with purple and pink; the "Marble of Rotterdam," colour of flax-blossom, feathered red and flesh-colour; and the "Wonder of Haarlem," dark-dove-colour, tinged with a lighter shade of the same.

The frightened cats, having alighted on the ground, first tried to fly each in a different direction, until the string by which they were tied together was tightly stretched across the bed; then, however, feeling that they were not able to get off, they began to pull to and fro and to wheel about with heart-rending caterwaulings, mowing down with their string the flowers among which they were disporting themselves. until, after a

furious strife of about a quarter of an hour, the string broke and the combatants vanished. Boxel, hidden behind his sycamore, could not see anything, as it was pitch dark; but the piercing cries of the cats told the whole tale, and his heart, overflowing with gall, was now throbbing with triumphant joy.

Boxel was so eager to ascertain the extent of the injury that he remained on his post until morning to feast his eyes at the sad state in which the two cats had placed the flower-beds of his neighbour. The mists of the morning chilled his frame, but he did not feel the cold, the hope of revenge keeping his blood at fever heat. The chagrin of his rival was to pay for all the inconvenience which he incurred himself.

At the earliest dawn the door of the white house opened and Van Baerle made his appearance; approaching the flower-beds with the smile of a man who has passed the night comfortably in his bed and has had happy dreams.

All at once he perceived furrows and little mounds of earth on the beds, which only the evening before had been as smooth as a mirror; all at once he perceived the symmetrical rows of his tulips to be completely disordered, like the pikes of a battalion in the midst of which a shell has fallen.

He ran up to them with blanched cheek.

Boxel trembled with joy. Fifteen or twenty tulips, torn and crushed, were lying about, some of them bent, others completely broken and already withering; the sap was ooz-

48 HOURS AWAY FROM THE LINE



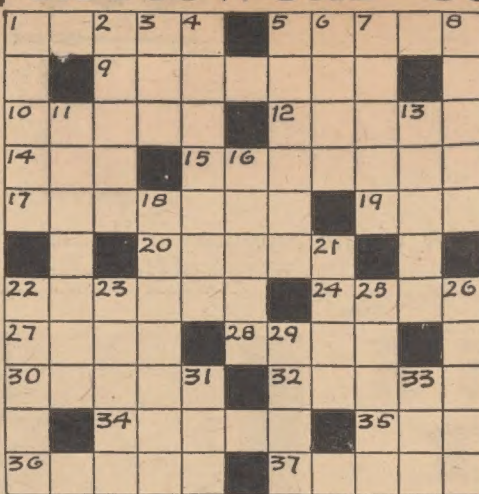
"Now we've found the pin-up girl of our dreams, these 48-hour passes look just dam' comic. Why, we could be happy together for the duration, and then some."

JANE



NOTE:—owing to security reasons the canteen where Jane is stationed cannot be revealed!—CENSOR C118

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Fishing boat.
- 5 Fundamental.
- 9 Soldier and explorer.
- 10 Musical study.
- 12 Calm.
- 14 Place.
- 15 Cheese.
- 17 Negotiated.
- 19 Scottish river.
- 20 Vaunt.
- 22 Turn aside.
- 24 Boy's name.
- 27 Complete group.
- 28 Robust.
- 30 Dissolves.
- 32 Slope.
- 34 Irish lake.
- 35 Contend.
- 36 Long.
- 37 Produce.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Went stealthily.
- 2 Animal.
- 3 Young person.
- 4 Voter.
- 5 Two-footed animals.
- 6 O.d.
- 7 Darken.
- 8 Office worker.
- 11 Rotary motor.
- 13 Social class.
- 16 Shrub.
- 18 Assistant.
- 21 Barrier charge.
- 22 Short and stout.
- 23 Residence.
- 25 Work at loom.
- 26 Well known.
- 29 Pale.
- 31 Luminary.
- 33 Nothing.

Y CANARDS A
UGLY SATLED
CROAK MAUVE
CASHAW DEEP
APE TALES T
H SCRAM F
T ETHER NAP
AFAR SILICA
BIGOT DANES
BREVET TORT
Y REGIMEN E

WANGLING WORDS—296

1. Put an injury into PACY and make a drug store.
2. In the following proverb, both the letters and the words have been shuffled. What is it? Sssccu thonnig kile decuesso.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change ANY into ALL and then back again into ANY, without using the same word twice.
4. A famous composer is hidden in the following sentence. Who is it? Elspeth and Ella are very fond of music. (The required letters will be found together and in the right order.)

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 295

1. APPOINTMENTS.
2. Look before you leap.
3. ARM, aim, dim, dig, big, beg, LEG, let, lit, bit, ait, art, ARM.
4. Cel-and-in-e.

IS Newcombe's Short odd—But true

Homer can mean a pigeon, a poet, or a Hebrew dry measure containing ten ephahs.

Natives of Java, the Malayan and the Philippine Isles, poison their arrow tips with upas, the sap from a species of tree which yields strychnine.

When people in England talk of the Antipodes, they mean New Zealand and the islands round about. But the full meaning of Antipodes is those parts of the earth exactly opposite to our feet, having seasons at exactly opposite times to ours. The North Pole is the Antipodes of the South, and so on.

The practice of offenders against the law to seek asylum in the Chiltern Hills gave rise to the appointment of a Crown official who was called the Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds. The office no longer carries its original duties, and, by a pleasant fiction, when a member of the House of Commons cannot resign his seat without disqualification by accepting a place of profit under the Crown, he accepts the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds, which is commonly held to constitute such a place, and this is tantamount to resignation.

QUIZ for today

1. A gamba is an Indian gazelle, dance, plant, musical instrument, bird, chess move?
- 2 Who wrote (a) The Holy Terror. (b) Holy Deadlock?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Dunster. Dunmow. Dunfermline. Dunton. Dunstable. Dunchurch.
4. How many are there in a hockey team?
5. Greta Garbo's age is 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40?
6. How many kilometres are there in ten miles?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Pretzel, Prex, Prebital, Prevension, Petrel, Pronunciation.
8. Whom was Oom Paul?
9. Where is the English "Bridge of Sighs"?
10. Where in the British Empire are motor-cars not allowed to use their horns?
11. What is the "Backbone of England"?
12. How many kinds of lark can you name?

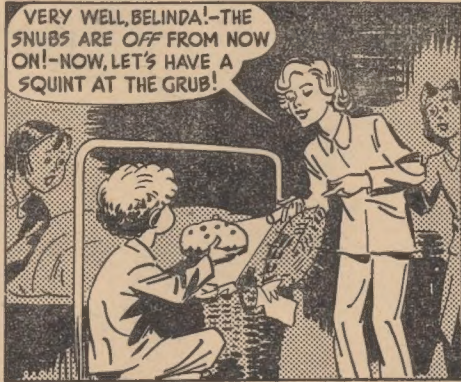
Answers to Quiz in No. 349

1. Australian dog.
2. (a) Rebecca West. (b) J. Galsworthy.
3. Lilley and Skinner are not comedians; other are.
4. Dr. Douglas Hyde.
5. 1675.
6. Philosopher.
7. Grievance, Greasy.
8. Dwight David.
9. Keep to the right.
10. Three; Red lead, Litharge (yellow), Brown oxide.
11. 20, 5, 12, 9, 14, 11, 8, 16, 7, 19.
12. Onion.

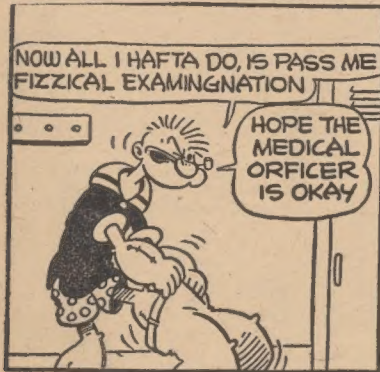
BEELZEBUB JONES



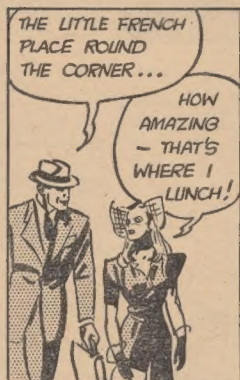
BELINDA



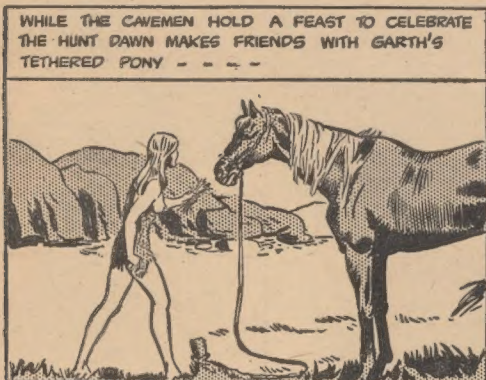
POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE

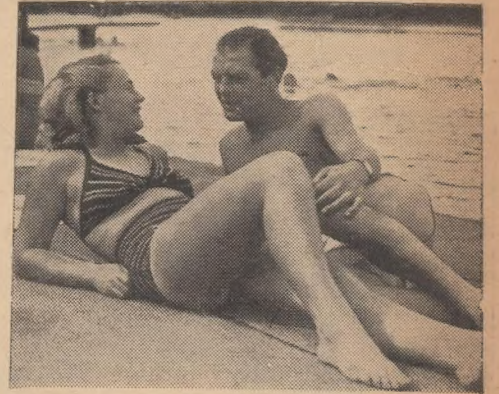


I get around-

RON RICHARDS' COLUMN

IN London's Hyde Park, on the coconut matting surround of the Serpentine, I picked out Kid Berg with his wife. He was sunning and recuperating after his discharge from the R.A.F.

It is improbable that Berg will fight again; his pugilistic activities will be limited to occasional evenings at the local Air Training Corps drill hall.



He is hoping to buy a pub in the West End before the end of the war; already in his mind he has decorated the bars with pictures of famous pugs and newspaper cuttings and pictures of his own fights. His wife plans to have concealed lights and curtains with a beer tankard design.

GENERAL Manager C. H. Pickett, of Eastern National Buses, Chelmsford, is carrying out research work on producer-gas-driven vehicles, which may result in gas being used as a peace-time fuel on the roads. His chief engineer, Mr. W. J. Morison, has designed a new trailer which uses several types of fuel other than anthracite. "Our buses have run 1,395,000 miles on producer gas," says Pickett. "We regard it as an alternative fuel when peace comes."

EVERY bit as form-revealing as the Carole Landis jersey banned by the Will Hays office, which "censors" U.S. films to prevent offence to audiences, a new dress has been approved for the original Hollywood sweater girl's new film. Hollywood calls it the "whistle dress"—a dress cleverly designed in white crepe and tulle with a long, figure-hugging bodice, strapless, and heart-shaped at the top, with a removable shoulder jacket. Carole will wear it in "Four Jills in a Jeep."

Another shoulderless garment was registered at the United States Patent Office recently. It can be used as an evening dress, athletic outfit, raincoat, bathing suit, or apron. There surely must be other uses, too?

LOYD'S, one of the most exclusive undertakings in the world, will, I hear, soon unbend its membership rules sufficiently to accept members from the Dominions. A underwriting member of Lloyd's does not merely make an initial deposit of between £5,000 and £10,000, which is a guarantee of good faith; since his liability is unlimited, he pledges the whole of his private fortune against the insurance business undertaken in his name. This rule has hitherto prevented admission of members not resident in this country. Most of the underwriters never enter Lloyd's building. They are wealthy men, merchants and bankers mostly, who are elected as "names." They form the syndicates which underwrite marine and other risks insured at Lloyd's.

AMERICAN nutrition experts have found that honey contains seven of the B vitamins, including the important B1 ("the vital vitamin"), riboflavin and nicotinic acid. Vitamin B1 is normally taken in fresh vegetables, milk, and in wholemeal bread. Experiments in America have shown that diets very low in vitamin B1 make people depressed and quarrelsome. Guess the Fuehrer will be glad to get this news.

Ron Richards

Good Morning

"Smile, smile, damn you, and let's see the results — even on the river."



"Listen, listen, you chickabiddies. Let a decent cat get in first!"



"Cor, blimey! Can't a feller leave his handkerchief behind without being watched by a multitude?"



"Yes, Baas. I've always preferred Rye to Scotch, Bourbon, or that peaty Irish."



This England

"Well, Lancs. is as Lancs. does. But you'll have to admit that Downham downs 'em!"

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Ee—Minney ever hear of Tyneside."

